SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Primitive Semitic Religion.

About a year ago Prof. Robertson Smith delivered the first of three courses of lectures on the primitive religions of the Semitic peoples, viewed in relation to other ancient religions, and to the spiritual religion of the Old Testament and Christianity. The lectures constituting the first course and dealing with the fundamental institutions of the Semites, are now with some important additions published in this country by the Messrs. Appleton. Times have changed since the lecturer was called to account by the so-called Free Church for accepting some of the conclusions reached by the Biblical scholars of Germany and Holland, and since he was forced to surrender the post which he occupied in a Free Church educational establishment. Now he is Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and is invited to discourse upon religion, not in a Free Church college of subordinate importance, but before the ancient university of Aberdeen. Although he has come to be universally recognized as the foremost Semitic scholar in the United Kingdom, the invitation to the city where he was once subjected to undeserved humiliation, must have been as deeply gratifying to Dr. Robertson as was to Carlyle the election to the Lord Rectorship of the University of Edinburgh.

We may do well to bear in mind from the outset the distribution of topics in the three courses of lectures, the first of which is now before us. To the first course and to half of the second course is assigned the elucidation of the fundamental institutions common to all Semitic peoples, and, therefore, presumably developed by the Semitic trunk race before its furcation into various branches. Chief among these primitive features of Semitic heathenism are the forms of sacrifice, the religious feasts, and the priesthoods. In the last half of his second course, the lecturer purposes to discuss the nature and origin of the Semitic heathen gods, their relations, the myths that surround them, and the whole subject of religious belief, so far as it is not directly involved in the previously examined observances of daily religious life. The third course, it is expected, will be left free for an examination of the part which Semitic religion has played in universal history and its influence on the general progress of humanity. It is obviously the last two divisions of the lecturer's theme in which the general reader will be most interested. But for a scientific and fruitful treatment of the subject it is needful for the student to follow the order of religious development, and to begin, not with myths, much less with creeds, but with the rituals which lie at the base of all primitive, as distinguished from the positive, or book religions. We understate the fact when we say that ritual and practical usage were the basis; they were rather the sum total of ancient religions. On this point Dr. Smith remarks that "Religion in primitive times was not a system of belief with practical applications; it was a body of fixed traditional practices to which every member of society conformed as a matter of course. Men would not be men if they agreed to do certain things without having a reason for their action; but in ancient religion the reason was not first formulated as a doctrine and then expressed in practice, but, conversely, practice preceded theory. Men form general rules of conduct before they begin to express general principles in words; political institutions are older than political theories, and in like manner religious institutions are older than religious theories." In another place we are reminded that "when we study the political structure of an early society we do not begin by asking what is recorded of the first legislators, or what theory men advanced as to the reason of their institutions; we try to understand what the institutions were and how they shaped men's lives. In like manner, in the study of the Semitic religion we must not begin by asking what was told about the gods, but what the working religious institutions were, and how they shaped the lives of the worshippers."

Admitting that the long and difficult investigation undertaken in these lectures may be successfully prosecuted from the view-point of the student of comparative religion, why, some may ask, should people in general be concerned in the results of such an inquiry? What bearing have such researches on the religious interests of the community at large? This question is provisionally answered by Dr. Smith partly in the preface and partly in the first chapter of this book. It is not, he says, more fully recognized in the circle of professed scholars that a right understanding of the religion of the Old Testament is the only way to a right understanding of the Christian faith than it is that the doctrines and ordinances of the Old Testament cannot be comprehended until they are put into comparison with the religions of the nations akin to the Israelites. An effective comparison of the kind was impracticable so long as the historical order of the Old Testament documents, and especially of the documents composing the Pentateuch, was unascertained. Now, however, that the growth of the Old Testament can, thanks to the labors of such men as Kuenen and Wellhausen, be traced from stage to stage, it is not only possible but necessary for further progress to compare the Hebrew religion with the religions of the races cognate with the Hebrews by natural descent, and historically in constant contact with them. It is true that the positive Semitic religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Islam—were not evolved like the ancient heathen systems under the action of age-long and unconscious forces, but sprang from the teaching of great religious innovators, who deliberately departed from the traditions of the past. Behind, however, these positive religions lay the old unconscious religious tradition, the body of religious usage and belief which formed part of the inheritance into which successive generations of the Semitic race instinctively grew up. The positive religions were not written on a *tabula rasa*. A new system finds itself everywhere in contact with the older ideas and practices which are in possession of the ground. It can obtain a lodgment only by appealing to religious instincts and susceptibilities that already exist, and it cannot reach these without taking account of the traditional forms in which religious feeling is embodied and without speaking a language which men accustomed to the old forms can understand. All this seems indisputable, and it follows that to thoroughly comprehend even a system of positive religion, to understand it in its historical origin and form as well as in its abstract principles, we must know the traditional religion that preceded it. Take, for instance, the New Testament doctrine of sacrifice. To explain this we naturally recur to the Old Testament, but here we are struck by the fact that the origin and rationale of sacrifice are nowhere fully explained; that sacrifice is an essential part of religion is taken for granted, as something which is not a doctrine peculiar to Israel, but which is universally admitted and acted on without as well as within the limits of the chosen people. So that we are forced at last to ask what sacrifice meant, not to the old Hebrews alone, but to the whole circle of nations of which they formed a part. What is true of the Old Testament doctrine and practice of sacrifice is true of other ancient religious conceptions and usages of the Hebrews. They were not an exclusive possession of the Israelites, but the common property of a group of kindred peoples. Indeed, the whole history of Israel is unintelligible if we suppose that the heathenism against which the prophets contended was a thing altogether alien to the religious traditions of the Hebrews. The difference in principle, which seems so clear to us, between the faith of Isaiah and that of an idolater was not clear to the average Judean, because it was obscured by a great similarity in many important points of religious tradition and ritual practice. Nothing appeals so strongly as religion to the conservative instincts, and conservatism is the habitual attitude of Orientals. The conservatism which refuses to look at principles, and has an eye only for tradition and usage, was against the prophets and had no sympathy with their efforts to draw a sharp line between the religion of Jehovah and that of the surrounding Semitic gods.

What peoples does Dr. Robertson comprehend under the collective term Semitic? As a rule (to which, however, he admits one partial exception) he assumes that cognate or filial relationship of language implies identity of ethnic stock, and that, accordingly, the Hebrews, the Arameans, the Phœnicians, the Arabs, the Babylonians, and Assyrians must all have been of Semitic race, because they all spoke Semitic tongues. In modern Europe no such inference could be peremptorily drawn. There is scarcely a trace of Roman blood in Wallachia, in Belgium, in northern France, in Portugal; yet all these countries speak neo-Latin languages. But the case may have been different, as Dr. Smith contends, in ancient times, when the absence of literature, and especially of religious books, made it much more difficult than it has since been for a new language to establish itself in a race to which it was originally foreign. So that, although the lecturer admits that kinship in language is not an exact measure of race affinity, he still deems it true, upon the whole, that the stock strong enough, whether by numbers or by genius, to impress its language on a nation must exercise a predominant influence on the national type in other respects also, as for instance in respect of religious institutions. Passing from the general principle to particular examples, he rejects as undemonstrated the theory that there was a strain of pre-Semitic blood in the Phœnicians and Canaanites. He has, indeed, no doubt that the Philistines came from across the sea, and probably from Crete; but (unlike Renan, who ascribes to them an Aryan origin) he regards their emigration to Palestine as a partial reflux of a Semitic wave which had in earlier times swept over the Levantine islands, and which scored a deep mark on Cyprus. As to the Hittites, of whom we have lately heard so much, the utmost concession that Dr. Smith will make to the theory of Prof. Sayce upon the subject is that they may temporarily have been dominated by a non-Semitic aristocracy. When the lecturer comes, however, to the peoples that spoke Chaldaic offshoots of the Semitic mother tongue, he bows to the preponderating opinion of Assyriologists that the civilization of Babylonia and Assyria was not purely Semitic, and that the ancient population of the Euphrates and Tigris valleys contained a large pre-Semitic element, whose influence is especially recognizable in religion and in the sacred literature of the cuneiform records. Partly for this reason, and partly because religion in this region was complex and artificial, being largely moulded by statecraft, Dr. Smith dismisses the notion that Babylonia is the best starting point for a comparative study of the sacred beliefs and practices of the ancient Semites. He deems it more reasonable to look for the primitive form of Semitic faith in a region where society is primitive. He finds such a region in Arabia, which by the almost universal consent of scholars is made the cradle of the Semitic race. It is to the ritualistic customs and observances of the Arab before their adoption of Islam that he looks for the most definite and trustworthy information regarding the fundamental religious institutions of the Semitic peoples. In this field of research Dr. Smith acknowledges great obligations to Wellhausen's "Vestiges of Arabic Heathenism." Supplemental and corrective evidence is sought in the documentary and epigraphic evidence relating to the primitive rites of the Arameans and Phœnicians, and, of course, the cuneiform testimony to Chaldaic usages and practices is not neglected, although it is used with circumspection.

As we have said, it is the significance of sacrifice from the view-point of the primitive Semites that principally occupies attention in this first course of lectures. Dr. Smith shows that the various aspects in which atoning rites presented themselves to ancient worshippers have supplied a variety of religious images which passed into Christianity and still have currency. Redemption, substitution, purification, atoning blood, the garment of righteousness, are all terms which in some sense go back to antique ritual. But in ancient religion all these terms are very vaguely defined. The one point that comes out clear and strong is that the fundamental idea of ancient sacrifice is sacramental communion, and that all atoning rites are primitively to be regarded as owing their efficacy to a communication of divine life to the worshippers and to the establishment or confirmation of a living bond between them and their god. In primitive ritual this conception was grasped in a purely physical and mechanical shape. The spiritual and ethical ideas are still wrapped up in the husk of a natural embodiment. To free the spiritual kernel from the husk was the task that lay before the ancient religions, if they were to continue to rule the minds of men.

The Library of American Literature.

It is an interesting circumstance that the tenth volume of the *Library of American Literature*, edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN and ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON (C. L. Webster & Co.), begins with Francis Bret Harte and ends with Edgar Wilson Nye (Bill Nye) and Eugene Field. One might surmise at first sight that this arrangement of names is intended to emphasize the relatively original character of the epoch covered by the extracts—a character, by the way, to which attention is directed in two quotations from Ruskin that are prefixed to this volume. "We judge" says Ruskin, "of the excellence of a rising writer, not so much by the resemblance of his works to whatever has been done before, as by their difference from it." And again: "The more powerful the intellect the less will its works resemble those of other men, whether predecessors or contemporaries." It is a specious canon of criticism which is formulated in the last sentence, but before it is accepted, let the disciple of Ruskin undertake to apply it to Virgil, to the later Elizabethans, to Pope, to Washington Irving. If the matter be fresh it matters but little whether the form be familiar or unusual, for it is not true of literature that you cannot pour new wine into old bottles. Indeed, it is not indispensable that the substance itself shall contain elements absolutely new, if it present a felicitous example of what distillers call a "blend." What a mosaic, for instance, is many an ode of Horace, and what is Milton's Lycidas but a piece of indestructible patchwork!

As a matter of fact, however, the makers of this useful compilation had in view no critical suggestion by their collocation of names. We must remind the reader that the place of an author in this library of American literature is determined not by the date of his first successful publication, but by the date of his birth. Bret Harte is put first and Eugene Field last because they were born respectively in 1839 and 1850, which are the terminal years of the period illustrated by the tenth volume. From this method of distribution it obviously follows that all the writers here quoted from are (or would be, if living) between 40 and 51 years of age, or, in other words, in the prime of a productive life. It follows, too, that we encounter here most of the names widely and favorably known on the roll of contemporary American authors. Thus, besides the three names above mentioned, we meet with those of Henry James, Jr., Julian Hawthorne, Joaquin Miller, Richard Watson Gilder, George Washington Cable, Edgar Fawcett, Henry George, John Fiske, Charles De Kay, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, John Boyle O'Reilly, Joel Chandler Harris, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Constance Fenimore Woolson, and Anna Katharine Green. As to the relative value of the contributions to literature exemplified in the excerpts before us the editors cannot help giving us an inkling of their private opinions by the amount of space allotted to the several writers. Thus tested by quantitative analysis, the judgment of the compilers will not always, we suppose, be adopted by the reader. We observe, for example, that Bret Harte and Henry James, Jr., as might have been expected, are the most munificently treated, the former receiving nineteen and the latter eighteen pages. To our perplexity, however, while George Washington Cable obtains sixteen, Julian Hawthorne receives but nine. Constance Fenimore Woolson has fourteen pages, Blanche Willis Howard, thirteen, and—another surprise—Frances Hodgson Burnett but twelve, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps but eight. Henry George, whose writings are read wherever men speak the English tongue, is allowed three pages, and precisely the same number is awarded to Rose Elizabeth Cleveland. John Fiske, one of the foremost historical scholars and students of science on this side of the Atlantic, is represented by five pages, whereas seven are allotted to Frances Courtenay Baylor, of whom we are ashamed to confess that we never heard. We are glad that eight pages are assigned to Prof. Hardy, but we regret that the editors could only afford ten for Edgar Fawcett. Neither do we comprehend the principle on which only five pages are awarded to John Boyle O'Reilly while four are bestowed upon Kate Field. That only seven pages are given to R. W. Gilder and but four to Charles De Kay indicates a disposition to narrow the space devoted to writers of verse, but the general purpose seems carried too far when only five pages are assigned to Joaquin Miller, who has probably a larger audience in English-speaking countries than any other living American poet, with the exception of James Russell Lowell. Coming, finally, to the humorists, we are by no means inclined to quarrel with the editors for giving eleven pages to Joel Chandler Harris, but would not a just sense of proportion prescribe a larger allotment than four pages to Edgar Wilson Nye? Yet, as we have had occasion to say repeatedly in reviewing the successive installments of this "Library," it is not we or readers generally who were invited to perform the invidious task of compilation, but Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson; and, although their judgment may be open to discussion in minor details, it will be denied by no one conversant with the difficulties overcome that the work, considered as a whole, has been admirably done.

Admirable this compilation seems, provided we keep in view the fundamental purpose, which, because it differs materially from the common aim of compilers, needs to be restated from time to time. When a compendium of the literary achievements of past generations is projected, extracts are usually made from those authors whose merit has been tested by the lapse of years and acknowledged by posterity. When the eclectic process is extended to contemporary writers, those are normally chosen who, in the opinion of the editors, are most likely to exhibit the same voucher of longevity. From the outset it has been evident that the editors of this "Library" are not guided by such principles of selection. Had they been so guided, the material adapted to their programme could have been packed in a comparatively narrow compass. It was not their intention merely to indicate by excerpts the masterpieces of American literature, or even to commit themselves to the assertion that at a given epoch the American people possessed a literature properly so-called. Their design, in other words, was historical rather than critical. They meant to exhibit the kind of composition which at this or that period was supposed by the American community, or a section of it, to belong to literature. A searching light would thus be thrown on the stage of taste and cultivation attained by our countrymen at a particular time. If some of the work which passed for literature seems crude and rough and thin—and most of the work produced on this side of the Atlantic before Washington Irving deserves those epithets—it does but mirror in a faithful and instructive way, the contemporary state of American society. It is not, in fine, a gallery of master works which the editors have contemplated, but a collection of documents, chronologically classified, which will prove, in our opinion, of inestimable value to the future student of American civilization. Only by bearing steadily in mind this primary object will the reader be enabled to account for the multitude of authors quoted in the volumes allotted to the period from 1861 to 1888, and also for the seemingly inadequate claims of many of the persons deemed worthy of representation. In the volume before us, for example, out of the 147 names enumerated no less than 75 are seen by us for the first time, although it is our business not to be wholly blind to the dawning of new luminosities on the literary horizon. Neither does candor constrain us to acknowledge, after an inspection of the work attributed to these 75 strangers, that not to know them argues yourself unknown. Considered merely as a compend of what used to be denominated "elegant extracts," this tenth volume would be decidedly improved if most of the contributions furnished by the seventy-five writers in question were excised. Regarded, however, as a truthful and exhaustive exposition of the kinds of literary material which in the generation succeeding the civil war the American people were willing not only to read but to pay for, this volume is all the better for including scores of authors not very widely known to fame. We take, to be sure, for granted that no person has been permitted to figure in this "Library," from the first volume to the last, whose claim does not rest on the favorable opinion of the community at large or of a measurable fraction of it. If the claim rested solely on the opinion of the editors, they would obviously have abandoned in that instance the function of historian for that of critic. We may safely assume, also, that however unexpected to ourselves may be the encounter with the seventy-five authors whom we now meet for the first time, every one of them is known to the compilers to have somewhere in this broad land his audience, his nook and corner recognition, and to really represent, therefore, one of the side currents or eddies of public predilection.

The same considerations help us to understand why some of the writers grouped in the tenth volume are not men of letters in the technical meaning of the phrase, but journalists. The two terms should not be confused merely because much newspaper writing in our day undoubtedly displays more cultivation, more intellect, and more expertness in the manipulation of the written word than much of the composition that is put forward in book form. Journalism is not literature because it does not deserve to be. A fundamental element in the definition of literature is the possession of durability, either unequivocally or provisionally conceded. By the nature of the conditions under which it is produced, most journalism is cut off even from aspiring to this quality. The editorial articles contributed by Coleridge to the *Times*, though far superior in substance and form to most of the contemporary books, never belonged to literature, because they were ephemeral in purpose. On the other hand, Matthew Arnold's contributions to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, not being so distinctly ephemeral in purpose, were afterward published in book form, and were thenceforth classed as literature, though in a humbler place than that allotted to most of the author's work. Journalism would gain nothing could it usurp the name of literature. On the contrary, as things are tending, literature seems likely to gain a good deal more by claiming the name of journalism. There is no doubt that to-day journalists are collectively a hundred-fold more influential than the producers of literature (distinguished carefully, of course, from science). Indeed, if Mr. Stedman would undertake a compilation of the leading articles which, during the last thirty years, have appeared in the great newspapers on the questions of the hour, he would cast a far more powerful illumination on the course of events and the development of the national intellect and the national character than is obtainable from the capacious volumes which he has placed at our disposal. From Mr. Stedman's view-point, which is that of a collector of documents for the prospective history of American civilization as displayed in the progressive mastery of the written word, a Library of American Journalism will one day be recognized as a necessary supplement of the work now near completion.

The twelfth volume of the Library of American Literature will contain, we are informed, brief biographical notices of the writers represented in the work. Thus far the editors have only appended to the names the date and place of birth. Yet the mere knowledge of the birthplace of an author is always interesting and often suggestive. Sometimes it satisfies your sense of the congruous; sometimes it surprises you; now and then it shocks you. Thus, as we might have anticipated, Henry James, Jr., and Edgar Fawcett prove to have been born in the city of New York. Julian Hawthorne one instinctively allots to Concord, and, in fact, his birthplace, Boston, is not far away. Expectation is again met when we learn that George Washington Cable was born in New Orleans, Joel Chandler Harris in Georgia, John Boyle O'Reilly at Dowth Castle, county Meath, Ireland. We recognize appropriateness in the fact that Lafcadio Hearn first saw the light in Leucadia, Santa Maura, Ionian Islands. On the other hand, it is not easy to connect the delicate fancy of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett with Manchester, from which, assuredly, of all British cities except Birmingham and Sheffield, an idealist would be most impatient to emigrate. It is hard, too, to realize that Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, drew his first breath amid the commonplace surroundings of Indiana, while Bret Harte was born 3,000 miles from the Pacific in the humdrum town of Albany. Still more amazing is it to learn that Washington, and not Louisville, Ky., was the birthplace of Henry Watterson, and that Edgar Wilson Nye, whom most of us have credited to the great West, was in truth born in Maine. But astonishment attains its acme when we hear that Chicago's laureate, Eugene Field, was born in St. Louis. It is as if the natal city of Pindar should turn out to be, not Thebes, but Sparta.

M. W. H.

ADVERTISING SCIENCE.

Newspapers are the Only Satisfactory Medium, an Expert Says.

"Nobody has tried more different kinds of advertising than we have," said Mr Chambers, of the firm of Rogers, Peet & Co., a few days ago, "or tried the different kinds more thoroughly, but we have settled down now to regular newspaper advertising, and believe that, for a permanent business, that alone pays. We were the first to use the sails of vessels in the harbor as an advertising medium. Then we got up the 'alphabet puzzle' and gave away half a million puzzles while the craze lasted. Afterward we invented the Waterbury watch idea. We had to do something because three of our principal competitors had failed and their stocks were being sold for next to nothing by assignees, so we decided to give a Waterbury watch with every twelve dollars' worth of goods purchased. We advertised the watches 'wound and set.' To wind them fast enough we had to rig up a little machine worked like a sewing machine that would do the winding, and we kept several boys at work winding and setting them. Before we quit we had given away forty thousand of the watches.

"But nothing ever pays us like the ordinary newspaper advertising. The fact is, there has come to be in this city a class of advertisement readers, just as there is of news readers. They read the advertisements every day, and, of course, the man who wants to attract them has to get up an advertisement that will do it. The day of standing advertisements in the paper, 'Go to So-and-So's for clothing,' or 'Go to This-and-That's for shoes' has passed, just as the day for painting signs on rocks and fences or on the sails of boats has passed. You must have something interesting and fresh every day in the advertisement, and it will be read. We have proof of this all the time in our business, for an advertisement of any certain thing is sure to bring throngs of people into the stores inquiring for it next day. By the number of such inquiries we rate the success or failure of an advertisement. I can guarantee to bring a thousand people to our stores any day by the insertion of an advertisement of some specialty in the morning papers.

"We were the first firm to introduce the use of outline cuts in newspapers. An Englishman who had done caricaturing on the other side, offhand sketches as a part of the entertainment of a show of some sort, and had come to this country, first brought the matter to our attention, and we tried a few of the cuts as an experiment. They succeeded so well that we made them a regular feature. After a while the papers themselves caught onto the outline idea, and now that is almost the only style of newspaper illustration used. A while ago we concluded to try the experiment of dropping the cuts. They are expensive, because, besides the cost of them, the papers charge double rates for the space they occupy. It has been poor economy, however. The cuts were worth much more than they cost as an advertisement, and we shall go back to them.

"Another thing about advertising of late years is the gradual increase in the truthfulness of it. People are learning that it doesn't pay to lie in an advertisement any better than it does anywhere else. The theory that 'a sucker's born every minute and he's just as likely to come in here as anywhere else,' won't do for a permanent thing. I think that there has been a noticeable improvement in this respect lately, and that business men are rapidly learning that honesty is the best policy in an advertisement as well as outside of it.

"A curious thing is the difference there is between advertising for women and for men. For a man an advertisement must be short and to the point. It ought to treat of but one subject and to be written as tersely as possible. Men read advertisements on the jump; they never deliberately sit down to go through the advertisements in a paper. For the women, on the contrary, you can put in as much detail as you please; once a woman is attracted to an advertisement she will read it all through, no matter how long it is or how fine the type is. Then there is no use putting an advertisement for a man in a Sunday paper. If you make it big enough to be seen in one of those enormous sheets it will be too long to be read by a man. An ordinary advertisement such as would attract him in a week-day paper is buried in the great Sunday editions. But you can take a page on Sunday and be certain that the women will look for it and read it all through carefully. Thousands of them buy the papers, and especially the Sunday papers, for no other thing than to read the advertisements. The big dry goods houses know that, and that is why they all use the Sunday papers so freely."

Napoleon's Double.

In a book entitled "Etudes d'Histoire," which has just been published in Paris, there is a biography of the violinist, Alexandre Boucher, a man whose resemblance to the first Napoleon appears to have been something marvellous. In addition to his great talent as a fiddler, Boucher was a born actor, and often amused his companions by imitating Napoleon. When the King of Spain wished to choose the best among the collection of portraits of the First Consul, Lucien Bonaparte wrote to him as follows: "Your Majesty can make the choice by comparing those images, which are not faithful, with the living portrait of my brother that you possess in your court. When you look at Boucher you see Napoleon."

Later on the Empress Josephine wished to attach Boucher to the Court of the Tuileries, but the Emperor didn't want the fellow that looked like him, and wouldn't hear of it. At St. Petersburg Boucher was commanded by the Empress to give a concert in the Palace of Elaghin. The salons were filled with guests. At the close of the entertainment the Empress, accompanied by her sons, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michel, approached the artist, complimented him, and then told him to "do Napoleon." He pretended not to understand her. She insisted, and at last he told her that he understood her perfectly, but to imitate Napoleon and hold him up to the indiscreet curiosity of the crowd, and possibly to make a laughing stock of him, was something that he could not do. "And remember, madame," he added, "that the hero is dead!" To overcome his scruples she invited him into her own apartments, where in the presence of a few select guests, chosen by Boucher himself, he consented to "do Napoleon." The princes wanted him to put on a costume suitable to the occasion. Boucher with an imperious gesture waved them off. "No masquerade! gentlemen," said he. "You wish to see Napoleon. He is before you!" With a proud and sad expression he gazed at the Empress and the princes. Then turning to M. de Modène, a Frenchman in the Russian army, he fixed upon him a look of profound scorn that made the gentleman very uncomfortable.

They saw Napoleon.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Fate.

The moon is covered, the cloudy wrack
Is broken with rifts in the flying track;
The sleet is blowing with sting and bite,
And I shall not join the dance to-night.

The town is darkened, the lights are out,
The man with the sand-club prowls about;
The watchman sleeps in the alley way,
And I shall not waltz at the break of day.

But the moon uncovered, the street grew calm,
The dancers feasted, the morn was balm;
And the girl who was neither young nor fair
Swooped down and captured a millionaire.

JOHN JAMES MEEHAN.

Christmas Bells.

From Once a Week.

Away, away, the music flies,
O'er mead and wold and river,
Arpeggio movement shakes the skies,
And makes the belfry quiver.

Away, away, the cheerful sound
The carred Christmas keeping,
Laughs all along the icy ground,
Where snowdrops pale are peeping.

The crocus, hearing chimes of mirth
Puts on her brightest yellow,
What cares she for the frosty earth
When peals ring out so mellow?

The blackbird, in a love-lorn mood,
Is pecking at red berries,
But hark! those joy bells make her food
As sweet as summer cherries.

In truth all nature hears the strains
With heart of honest gladness;
They ring surcease of human pains,
And ring a death to sadness.

They ring of friendship, and the grasp
Of hands in manly greeting;
They ring the softer, tender clasp
Of Love and Psyche meeting.

They ring oblivion of the years
Whose sunset was in sorrow;
They drown in waves of sound the fears
That crowd the dawn to-morrow.

They ring the affluent table spread;
They ring of that sweet maiden
Who comes, with modest, silent tread,
With gifts for poor folk laden.

They ring in tones more sweet than all
Of hopes the cross has given;
And then their glad notes rise and fall
Like Christmas bells in heaven.

O Sleep Divine.

From the Christian Register.

O sleep divine! surcease of pain!
The truce of God with care and strife!
Thy sweet forgetting who can gain
Has plucked the very flower of life.

We float to thee on drowsy wings,
When all the hard day's tasks are o'er;
And, when for us thy wide door swings,
Our pain, our dread, they are no more.

Safe in thy wide encircling arms,
We dream perchance that we are blest;
Or, haply, drink the enthralling balms
That lead to deep unconscious rest.

Long, long, as lasts thy tender spell,
So long is sorrow put to rout.
All we forebode, desire as well,
In perfect peace is blotted out.

But sleep divine! surcease of pain!
One day there cometh when no more
We wake to all the strain and stress
And tumult of this mortal shore.

But at the last, by thee embraced,
We find at length how sweet, serene,
Their rest who all life's acts outplayed,
Wait at God's hands the new next scene.

HARRIET TYNG GRISWOLD.

The Joys of Life in Chicago.

From the Chicago Herald.

The demon with a clarinet
Is living in our flat,
And all the rest of us regret
He's living in our flat.
The folks who have the crying child
That sets the neighbors nearly wild,
Oh, that its grief might be beguiled!
They're living in our flat.

The monster who will play the flute,
Is living in our flat.
The nuisance somebody should shoot
For living in our flat.
The maiden who, day after day,
Will on her tin piano play,
Oh, if she'll only move away,
'Twould benefit our flat.

The folks whose dog delights to bark
Are living in our flat.
It's in the halls from dawn to dark,
And stirring up our flat.
In fact each demon that employs
Each idle moment making noise,
That none but he or she enjoys,
Is living in our flat.

The folks who're always cooking kraut
Are living in our flat.
The odor hovers all about,
It's living in our flat.
And those who eat Limburger cheese,
Which loudly taints each passing breeze,
Some families more or less like these,
Are found in every flat.

McGinty's Posthumous Romance.

From the Jester.

Some say McGinty's back.
But I chance to know, alack,
That they lie, beyond the shadow of a doubt;
For he's beneath the sea,
Keeping steady companee
With a mermaid fair, although a trifle stout.

This mermaiden's loves were legion:
Every merman in that region
Tried his best to be her steady Sunday beau;
But her heart was cold and flinty
Till along came Dan McGinty,
And she weakened at his tender tale of woe.

When he told her of the songs
That detailed his many wrongs
She set out to tear her tresses and to wail;
But as soon as he began
With the jokes, her tear drops ran,
And she wiped them with the tip end of her tail.

So McGinty'll ne'er return,
Earthly loves he'll coldly spurn,
For he's happy now as man could ever be.
Bower'd with beauty he is spooning
While his dirge we're sadly crooning;
And McGinty dwells contented 'neath the sea.

Courting in Kentucky.

From the Courier-Journal.

When Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule daown thar on Injun Bay
I was glad, fer I like ter see a gal makin' her honest way.
I heerd some talk in the village abaout her flyin' high,
Tew high fer busy farmer folks with chores ter dew ter tiy;
But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk ontell
She come in her reg'lar boardin' raound ter visit with us a spell
My Jake an' her had been cronies ever since they could walk,
An' it tuk me aback ter hear her kerrectin' him in his talk.

Jake ain't no hand at grammar, though he haint his beat for work;
But I sez ter myself, "Look out, my gal, yer a-foolin' with a Turk!"
Jake bore it wonderful patient, an' said in a mournful way,
He p'sumed he was behindhand with the doin's at Injun Bay.
I remember once he was askin' for some o' my Injun buns,
An' she said he should alius say, "them air," stid o' "them is" the ones.
Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy mornin' an' evenin' long,
Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin' wrong.

One day I was pickin' curants daown by the old quince tree,
When I heard Jake's voice a-sayin', "Be ye willin' ter marry me?"
An' Mary Ann kerrectin', "Air ye willin', yeou sh'd say."
Our Jake he put his foot daown in a plum, decided way,
"No wimmen-folks is a-going ter be rearrangin' me,
Hereafter I says 'craps,' 'them is,' 'I calk'late,' an' 'I be.'
Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter what I say;
But I ain' a-goin' to take no sass from folks from Injun Bay.
I ask you free an' final, 'Be ye goin' ter marry me?'"
An' Mary Ann sez, tremblin', yet anxious-like, "I be."

FLORENCE E. PRATT.

On a Christmas Gift of Some Warm Hose.

From the Mount.

'Tis not the charming season now, as everybody knows,
To gaze upon the lily or to smell the blooming rose;
For now Jack Frost is out to pinch your fingers and your toes,
And make you wish it was the style to wear mitts on one's nose,
And keep one's blows to warm one's hands, and spare one's nose from blows
For if it blows, it snows or goes to do some other *chose*
Unpleasant when the beaux propose to take the belles to shows,
Or concerts philharmonic, where they all sit down in rows
And listen to the music as they watch the fiddler's bows;
Or others go to balls and trip their light fantastic toes.

Now people lose their temper over doors that will not close;
And some use language very hot because the water's froze;
While others snuggled up in bed will not their heads expose,
But stretch until 'tis broken quite, their hour of sweet repose,
And say: 'This rising with the lark 's not all *couleur de rose.*'
Then, on the question: "Shall I rise?" they take the ayes and noes.
One nose, two eyes there are, yet strange! they vote "one aye, two noes."
And as the noes are more than ayes, their eyes they firmly close,
Then turn, and turn, and turn again to catch another doze:
To clip a scientific term, their senses they hypnose.

Though Chanticleer has long crowed out the last of all his crows;
Not those black crows one knows cause woes to corn the farmer sows
In long furrows, then hoes, and hoes and then it never grows.
'Cause why? He knows he owes the failure to his foes, the crows:
Nor yet those crows that baby makes when tickled are his toes,
But that bird's crows whose shape in tin shows which way Boreas blows,
Who crows at hours so regular you wonder how he knows;
The reason why he does so I could tell you if I chose:
One of the watches of the night he carries in his clothes;
And winds it up before he goes to roost along with those
Good hens whose toes, when at repose, are all disposed in rows.
Yet, why their toes do not unclose in sleep no fellow knows.

'Tis time, I think, to tell what set me writing rhymes in *ose*,
And why I send these lines verbose of poesy jocose,
Which, weighing both the *cons* and *pros*, I chose as *quelque chose*
Plus fine for one named Josephine to read instead of prose;
A reason quite sufficient, or, at least, I so suppose;
So please accept my thanks in feet, the best I could compose;
To give a fit return in form for these warm woollen hose
Which, as your gift, will warm my heart while warming up my toes.
A Merry Christmas then, sweet friend, all joy the day bestows
Be thine! and, nay! the fault's not mine; it was the [illegible]

LONDON'S THEATRICAL SUCCESSES.

The Theatrical Barometer Dropping to Melodrama—"The Dead Heart," "A Man's Shadow," "The Middleman," and "La Tosca"—Their Faults and Merits.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—Even more than human beings, theatres are subject to certain powerful and sudden currents which carry the taste of the public abruptly into various and often opposite directions. It is now admitted that no author, manager, actor, or critic, however astute and experienced, can prejudge the verdict of paying audiences on any given play, or in what style lies the great criterion of dramatic success, "Money." The drama condemned by experts on the first night, will have a run of 200 nights; the comedy extolled by the press for its literary and intrinsic merits drops out of the bills within a month, and frequently the enormous outlay of production incurred by a hopeful and sagacious manager has been capital thrown away upon a "frost."

A year ago the London public cared for the stage only if the stage amused it. There was, it is true, a reaction against broad farce; but the vogue was all for the light, frivolous, laughter-raising trifles, such as "The Schoolmistress," "Dandy Dick," "Aunt Jack," and "Sweet Lavender," which proved abiding favorites. What is now invariably called "the lamp of burlesque" attracted moths and mashers in swarms to the inexplicable and hybrid performances of the Gaiety and Avenue, when expounded by Nellie Farren, Leslie, and Roberts. Everything else was tabooed. To-day a transformation has taken place, and out of the long list of London theatres four which have produced lugubrious sensational melodramas of the old school are the only ones crowded every night. To the unprejudiced and perfectly unbiassed spectator there seems no absolute reason for this except a sudden revolution in public taste. Not one of the four plays is honestly entitled to this good fortune; none is remarkable either in construction or dialogue, with the exception of "La Tosca," which, however, suffers from translation and adaptation to a degree which not even the valorous efforts of Mrs. Bernard Beer can wholly redeem.

It is a daring attempt, bordering on sacrilege, to question the perfection of a Lyceum performance. The people who flock to that temple accept as articles of faith any fiat that the high priest chooses to utter, and they come prepared to approve and admire. This unquestioning trust has made them accept as a masterpiece the dull, dreary, uninteresting "Dead Heart," with its lack of movement, feebleness of dialogue, anomalous situations; and the fact that whatever of interest the story might have possessed is made utterly subordinate to material stage craft, and above all to the many-colored lime light, which pursues the chief characters as persistently as the snow storm did one solitary old gentleman in the amusing skit, "La Vie Parisienne." Those who remember the elder Dumas's thrilling tale of the Chevalier de Maison Rouge, from which so much is borrowed, are uneasily expectant of some harsh, stirring incident that never comes, and watch the emasculated story drag its weary lenghth through a succession of superb pictures. They see the historical cannon pointed but never fired; the drawbridges of the prison fall methodically before the clamor of the "Ca Ira," the prisoners led forth resembling multiplied copies of Jefferson as *Rip Van Winkle*, to all of which unbounded applause is given, while the rest of the play is received in cold silence. The final rapturous burst is reserved for the last scene, revealing Irving himself, who, after reaching the scaffold, by a device that a child would not tolerate, remains unwatched, unguarded, illuminated by a strong light, with no evidence that the fatal knife is ever to fall on his neck. Such an ending is false and feeble, and no plaudits can redeem it from unartistic triviality. Staging has reached a point where it defeats itself, the frame is too large for the picture, it eclipses actors and play, and elicits the regret that such beautiful tableaux should be marred by spoken words.

The "Dead Heart" is a great success!

At the Haymarket, "Roger la Honte," rechristened "A Man's Shadow," is bowdlerized into a singularly inconsistent perversion of the original drama. Never a faultless play, it had at least the merit of a powerful incentive in the rivalry of two friends, and a strong human interest in the horror of the one who had betrayed and the chivalrous sense of duty of the other who defends the accused, knowing him to have robbed him of his honor. By transposing the time of the wife's guilt, her passion and thirst for revenge are senseless and indefensible, her atonement purposeless, while in the French play the *dénouement* was made plausible by a mother's sacrifice and confession. Much more is lost in the British version. A misty indistinctness obscures the crucial situations and interferes with probability. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has elected to double the parts of the innocent and the guilty man, a departure from the French acting which undoubtedly affords him scope for some of the best work he has ever done, but hampers the action and deprives it of its best chances of taking hold of the audience.

But "A Man's Shadow" is a great success!

"The Middleman," in every way inferior to "Wealth," by the same author, which was a decided failure, arrived at the Shaftesbury at the precise psychological moment. England was ringing with the wrongs of the working man, with the echoes of strikes; the dock laborers had enlisted on their side the great moderate politicians of all parties, and a reflection of street sympathy was cast on the imaginary woes of *Cyrus Blenkarn*, so ably presented by Mr. Willard. A British public is no longer prudish or easily shocked, provided it is allowed to put limitations to its indulgence. As in "The Middleman," the seduction of a young girl may be spread out during three acts, eliciting an exclamation of remorse from the seducer only when his victim explicitly informs him that her guilt cannot much longer remain a secret from the world, because the audience hugs itself with the belief in an eventual or possible wedding ring; but any dereliction in conjugal relations offends as monstrous and unreal a community where private and public scandals of that nature are as thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa. The author of "The Middleman" has not carried out his idea of the hero. He began with a Bernard de Palissy and grafted on him a melodramatic father; the ceramic inventor and the honest parent clash, and neither creates sufficient interest. The pit and gallery shout and clap when, in an admirably devised stage picture, *Cyrus Blenkarn* throws his earnings, his child's sustenance, the savings of his humble associate, together with many loans from his employer, into the furnaces that bake his clay, but *Blenkarn* cannot help seeming a little selfish—a family failing, apparently, for there is no apology for the daughter who, passing herself as dead to hide her shame, is enjoying a prosperous honeymoon with her old lover, whom she picks up and marries in a way never accounted for, heedless of her father's penury and regrets, reappearing at the end of the fifth act in gorgeous attire with her husband from no place in particular together with the discovery of the true secret and the influx of wealth.

But "The Middleman" is a great success.

"La Tosca" was very harshly handled when Sarah Bernhardt brought it to London. It was called, not unjustly, barbarous, blood-curdling, and unnecessarily harrowing, yet it was endured because she acted in it, because it was Sardou's and had been written in view of the great actress, was to call into play all her varied and marvellous gifts.

Mr. Hare bought the rights of the drama a long time ago for a large price; he secured the services of Mrs. Bernard Beere, the only English artist who would emulate Sarah in the part, and entrusted the adaptation to Mr. Crawford Grove. When his work was complete the manager grew timid, Mr. Grove expressed himself willing to have a coadjutor, and Mr. Hamilton was selected once more, the exquisite susceptibilities of the British public were appeased; the frail singer and the painter were united in the bonds of holy matrimony—by this virtuous combination all the pretty *mariandage* between the pair became stale and unnatural and the explosion of unreasoning jealousy false and almost grotesque. A wife does not use coquetry with her husband, she does not rant when she suspects that a rival is concealed in her husband's house, for she has the right to drive her thence; she loses her dignity in the unworthy and senseless reproaches of a paramour. The concession to prudery, immaterial in itself, has had a bad influence on the movement of the play and on the acting of the chief actress, who was compelled to strike a false note in several of her efforts, which fell flat because their motive was not logically true. When she could be sincere, as in the torture room, she was superb. At the Garrick again immense stress was put by the critics on the staging, which is in truth excellent; but for once the play threw the background into the shade, and the actors cast into oblivion the stage painter's genius. This not unnaturally raises the hope that the English public—whether the plays it witnesses are borrowed or adapted from the French or are original—will be content if not to return to the rude simplicity of a hundred years ago at least to dispense with an exaggerated *mise en scène* so costly as to alarm some managers and ruin the majority.

But "La Tosca" is a great success, because the theatrical barometer drops steadily to melodrama!

M. DE S.

AMADEO, ONCE KING OF SPAIN.

Interesting Details of his Personal History.

The death of the Duke d'Aosta, brother of the King of Italy, recalls one or two circumstances in his career not generally known. His widow is his own niece and also a Buonaparte, but it was his first wife, of far less illustrious lineage, who sat for two years with him on the throne of Spain. This lady was the daughter of Prince Pozzo della Cisterna, and of a Comtesse de Mérode, and was married to the Duke d'Aosta in 1867. In 1870, soon after the abdication of Isabella Segunda, the Spanish crown was offered to Amadeo. He accepted the dignity and proceeded in the depth of winter to Madrid, but the Duchess was on the eve of her confinement. The child was born Nov. 24, 1870, and ten days after his birth became royal, for on the 4th of December his father was King of Spain.

The new monarch entered his capital in a snow storm and amid political portents more alarming than the turbulence of the elements, for two days before his arrival Gen. Prim, the statesman to whom he owed his elevation, was assassinated. The population of Madrid was averse to the foreign sovereign, and the tempest was welcomed by his adherents, for Spaniards are sensitive to inclement weather, and the storm was certain to keep many of the disaffected in their houses. Thus even in the case of a King the homely proverb held. It was an ill wind that blew majesty good.

I chanced to be sent to Spain with despatches about this time, and thus had opportunities to observe or learn many of the particulars of the political situation. Soon after the arrival of Amadeo a day was appointed to administer the oath of allegiance to the army. The occasion, of course, was important, and one for the full display of Spanish magnificence. The King was to go in state to a large field outside the city, and, in addition to the high officers of his own Government, the entire diplomatic body was invited to be present. But many of the European courts were displeased at the accession of Amadeo, and their representatives were very ready to find excuses to stay from the ceremony. The day proved bitterly cold and blustering, and the only diplomatist who presented himself at the palace to accompany the cortège was Gen. Sickles, the American Minister. He had been requested to appear in uniform, and, as an officer of the American army, was able to conform to the etiquette, although the regulations of his own Government prohibited diplomatic dress. But he was also asked to go mounted, and he had lost a leg at Gettysburg. Nevertheless he complied with this conventionalism as well, and sat all day on his horse, with his orderly behind him carrying his crutches.

The Marshal Serrano, who had been Regent of Spain before the election of the King, and was now Prime Minister, greeted the solitary diplomatic representative more than warmly. He declared that the presence of the Minister of the American republic on this occasion would be an advantage to the new dynasty, and more than compensate in the people's eyes for the absence of imperial and royal envoys. Sickles was asked to ride on one side the King, while Serrano was on the other.

His Majesty was at this time 25 years old, and brave as all the princes of the House of Savoy, and, though he knew the danger to which he was exposed, rode calmly through the narrow streets of Madrid amid the moody silence of subjects to many of whom he was an unwelcome sovereign. There were no acclamations; the people were as cold as the blasts from the Sierras that encircle the horizon of the Spanish capital. At one moment Serrano unsheathed his sword, and the escort rode rapidly up to surround the King. A man in the crowd had drawn his *machete* and approached his Majesty; but the danger was warded off, and the procession passed.

By 10 o'clock it reached the camp in the environs of Madrid, where 30,000 men were drawn up for review, and the King advanced at once to the right of the line. The oath was read to a certain number of battalions, and the soldiers shouted in reply, "*Yo juro*," ("I swear it"), and presented arms. Then the King and his suite passed to the second group, and the rite was repeated. The ceremony, though imposing, was tedious, for it occupied several hours, and the storm of wind and cold continued. At last the entire army at Madrid had sworn allegiance, and the royal cavalcade returned.

But the lowering weather of the occasion proved a true augury, for the young King never became popular. I often used to see him driving or riding through the streets or in the Prado, where few of his subjects paid him the passing honor of a salute. If now and then a gentleman uncovered or a lady bowed, the unlucky monarch was demonstrative in recognizing the salutation. The great nobility of Spain were dissatisfied with an Italian King, and especially displeased that his consort was not of royal birth. These proud hidalgos despised a sovereign no higher born than themselves, and there was difficulty in finding ladies to fill the places about her Majesty at court.

The American Minister, however, was always welcome at the palace. His courtesy at the taking of the oath was not forgotten. When, after the great fire in Chicago, all Europe was sending assistance to the sufferers, and every American representative abroad was appealing to his countrymen in their behalf, Gen. Sickles arranged an operatic performance in Madrid for the benefit of the stricken city. The management offered the opera house, and the singers were willing to do their part gratuitously, but some difficulty arose in obtaining a grand piano for the occasion. The Minister, however, knew that the Queen possessed an uncommonly fine instrument, and he was on a footing that allowed him to request the use of it from her Majesty. The successor of Isabella was not only glad to send the instrument, but declared that she would attend the performance, and Sickles, of course, made haste to offer her a box. Thereupon the King contributed $1,000 to the charity, and King and Queen and all the court were present.

But the dissensions of Spanish politics continued, and in 1873 they came to a head. Amadeo had been invited to the throne under a Constitution which he swore to maintain inviolable; but at this crisis his Ministers assured him it would be impossible to reign according to its provisions. He must seize upon absolute power, like all the preceding sovereigns of Spain. But he replied: "I am of the House of Savoy, whose princes never break their word." The Cabinet persisted, and still the King declared: "I have sworn to rule according to the Constitution, and I will do so or resign my crown." Again his Ministers implored him to change this determination. "Do you say that I must absolutely abrogate the Constitution in order to reign?"

"We do."

"Then I will abdicate;" and no persuasions could swerve him from the decision. It was made known to the Cortes the same day, and his conclusion was accepted with dignity. He decided to leave the kingdom immediately.

It was again the depth of winter, as when he had arrived, and again his consort, this time a Queen, was at the period of her confinement. It was dangerous to remove her, but there might be greater danger in remaining; for in times of revolution royal women are not always spared. In this emergency the American Minister visited the palace and offered the security of the American legation and the ægis of the American flag to protect the august but unfortunate lady whose womanhood put her on a level with the humblest of her sex, and whose very grandeur added to the perils of maternity. The King was touched by the proposal and considered it for half a day, but then sent word to Gen. Sickles thanking him for the courtesy, which had indeed amounted to a humanity, offered in the name of a republic to a dethroned sovereign. But the arrangements had been made. An Italian ship of war was waiting for its prince at the seacoast. The King could not with dignity remain after his abdication, and he could not possibly leave his Queen among the people whom he no longer ruled. The proffer, therefore, was declined. The royal party started the same night and travelled under great hardships, even with insufficient supplies of food, for the advisers of Amadeo thought it unsafe to expose him by delay to any possible insult or injury from a populace excited at the overturning of a dynasty.

The last child of Amadeo and Maria, King and Queen of Spain, was born at Madrid on the 31st of January, 1874, and remained royal only eleven days, for on the 11th of February Amadeo abdicated. The same day the Spanish republic was proclaimed, and on the 12th the American Minister, having performed his duties to fallen royalty with more than Spanish chivalry, was empowered by his Government to recognize the democratic form. The uncrowned King returned to Italy with his family and resumed his position of Savoy Prince at his brother's court. The Queen died in 1876, and after twelve years of widowhood, the Duke d'Aosta sought another bride, the daughter of his own sister, the Princess Clotilde, and of Prince Napoleon Bonaparte.

ADAM BADEAU.